

MEDIA: The Literary Magazine of Palm Beach Junior College Lake Worth, Florida 33460 Volume XIII April 1969

### EDITORIAL BOARD:

David Albee
Elizabeth Alexander
Donna Armistead
David Eunice
Dana Ferguson
Kathy Lesko
Bryant Price
Sandra Ann Thomas

### ART CO-ORDINATORS:

Ann Maruszak Martin Roselius

### COVER:

Judy Schmidt

### ARTISTS:

John Chesler
Cindy Fuller
N. E. Handley
Liz Indianos
Ann Maruszak
Martin Roselius
Dave Rubenson
Judy Schmidt
Chris Tedder
Dooley L. Underwood, III
Steve Wagner

FACULTY ADVISER: Walker A. Graham

### **CONTRIBUTORS:**

Larry Sipprell

Boo

**Matthew Jones** 

Dorothy Sharpe Vaughan

Margie Sanchez

Russell Whatmore

David Albee

Mark Roberts

D. P. Brown

Elizabeth Alexander

Kathy Lesko

Alexander Le Gault

**David Eunice** 

Ed Baudway

Nina Smith

Sandra Ann Thomas

Dana Ferguson

Donna Armistead

Stony

Carl Green

Mike Moan

Thomas Sykes

Dennis De Freitas

Dr. Sidney H. Davies

V. McCoy

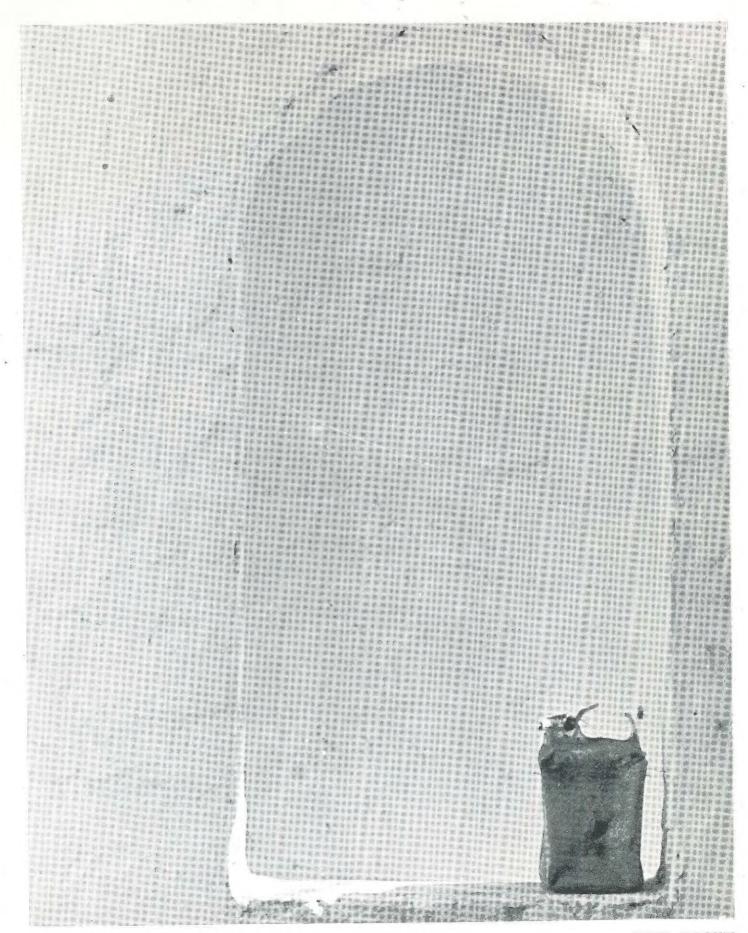
Tom Fleming

# **FOREWORD**

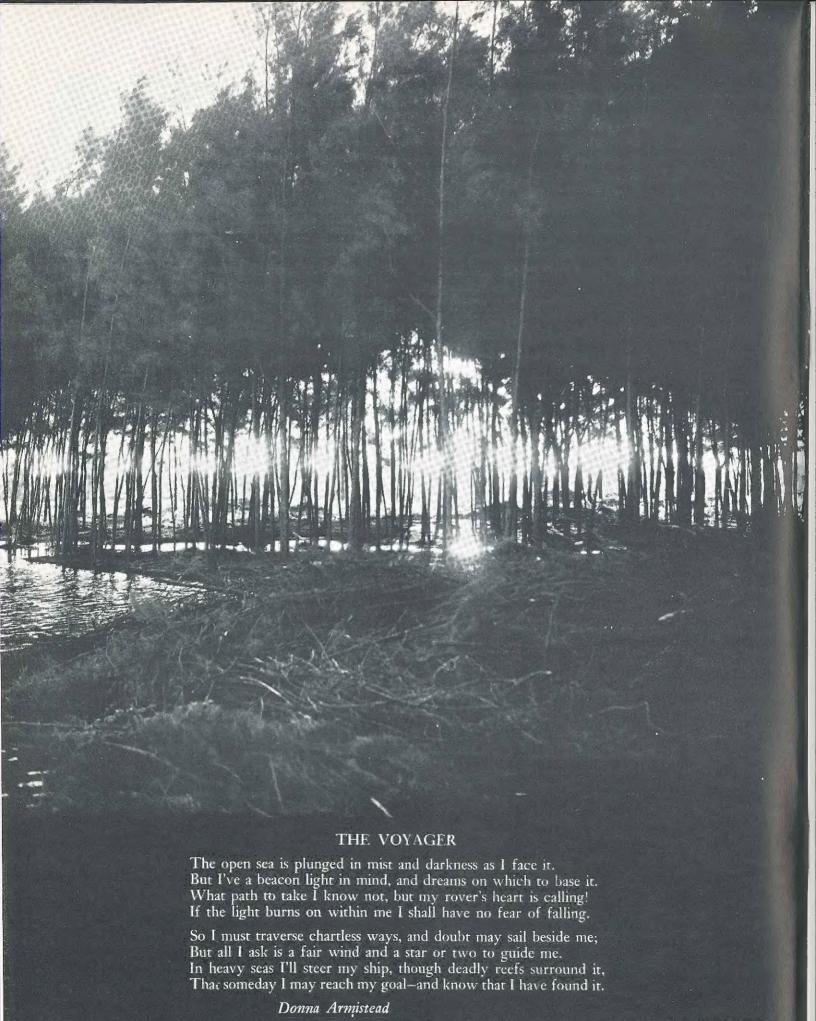
MEDIA is one of the opportunities offered by Palm Beach Junior College for the creative development of its students. A literary magazine, it continually searches for new talent, and it takes pride in presenting as many samples as possible of this talent.

Contributions to MEDIA are judged solely by a student editorial board. The board is selected from students interested in writing, volunteers who give their time because they like to work with writers and writing. Each contribution is given a number when it is received in the editorial office, and all material is read and judged by this number. The majority of contributions receive a minimum of two readings, most are read three times. Final selection of material is done by vote.

Many worthwhile contributions have been rejected this year because of space limitations. The board respectfully thanks all contributors for their submissions and requests that they try again another year.



STEVE WAGNER



# I THE OUTSIDER

i
the outsider
i sit and listen
to laughter
talking the sounds
of joy
i
the outsider
alone
and sad
why
do you shut me out
because
you
the outsider
are

different

Elizabeth Alexander

# SOAP OPERAS

In this day to day by gone world, as it goes by, many T.V. gazers sit and watch a LIE.

Each new day simply different from the last with each big thrill soon to come and pass.

Always "Searching for Tomorrow" with a vague "Love of Life", intrigued with other people's strife.

Should we "Search for Tomorrow"? Or simply look for today and watch carefully as it drifts away?

Should we try to recapture all of those days that we missed while looking for a day better than this?

Or should we live each day as if it were our last?
Or hope for tomorrow
But catch this day before it is past?

In reality there is only today let us live each moment before it slips away.

Without regretting a moment gone none can last forever

So let us live on;

with a song, and a rhyme,

and above all else . . .

give each moment . . .

Its

own

proper place

time.

David Eunice

### THE VISION OF THE SUN-STAR

in the turmoil of clouds and butterflies, spinning snow and rainglass, sliding, slipping, coasting across frozen ponds, the world stops, shuttering and heaving on its axis, groaning. the stars are fixed. night and day no longer change, but now, have each their own place on the face of the earth. the little squirrel lifts up his eyes to the heavens and wonders. his small eyes shimmer and blink, and the tiny heart pounds with anticipation. men lift up their eyes to the heavens, and scream a pitiful cry, a cry that each man himself, only, can hear. the ground shakes timidly, still vibrating from the jolting timelessness. and lo, upon each horizon, the answer rises, as the sun-star no longer does. rays of light bathe the faces of earth, creature, and man. shafts of light stream down, flow rococo, curve in rainbow crescents, and explode like colorless fireworks. and life closes its eyes, for the fury and beauty of the essence is great. the clouds part their lips and a multitude of voices are heard, strong, deep. and through the still air in majesty and overwhelming beauty, each man sees himself, each woman sees herself, each creature sees itself. magnified thousands of times, and each knows what he beholds, it is the son of God.

Sandra Ann Thomas

### THE CONCEPTION

Like a deity, I conceived an idea,
Like a tree, I sponed the seed,
Like nature, I watched it grow,
Like a harvester, I picked it when it was ripe,
Like the sun, I cured it well,
Like a glassblower, I molded it carefully,
Like life, I showed it ups and downs,
Like a mother bird, I pushed it on its way,
Life. Love. Beauty. Heartache. Happiness.
Thus, I am what I am — I made a man.

Boo

# AS FULL OF LOVE

i am as naked as white porcelain,
i am as clean as a pebble glistening from raindrops,
i am as calm as a gray morning sky,
i am as full of love as a pine tree reaching for the sun,
i am as secure as green moss nestled between cool stones,
i am as melodious as a train whistle,
i am as sleepy as brown sticks resting in autumn leaves,
i am as joyous as a horse galloping wild through fields with no fences,
i am as free as a man in prison who has found the Truth,
i am as unique as a planet that has escaped its monotonous orbit,
i am as real as the lady bug smiling,
i am as peaceful as lying face down in a clear stream,
i am as warm as early morning and as cool as late evening,
i am.

Sandra Ann Thomas

# LONLINESS IS A SOLDIER

Loneliness is a soldier arms reaching to the sky praying God only knows why. Wondering . . . wondering about what it's like at home? Christmas light all around snow on the ground church bells ringing the quiet, little town. He sits in the hot, wet jungles of hell . . . A picture, torn and tattered held in his hands. His wife, young and lonely. The loneliness fills him . . . a tear runs down his mud caked face . . . and he wonders wonders about his son . . . whom he has never seen. A stranger in a life interrupted by war. Then a bomb drops and nothing matters. Loneliness no longer fills him. He died with a tattered torn picture clutched in his hand, and a tear on a mud streaked face.

Kathy Lesko

### YOU

He walks down the sand
with his golden hair and bronze tan
a board on his shoulder
and surf his only worry.

He reminds me of you in those carefree days of summer when you swam and surfed and strummed your guitar.

He, the surfer, is part of a group the beach party group with their hamburgers and dances.

He reminds me of us
when we spent our days under the sun
walking the wet beach
and lonely evenings together.

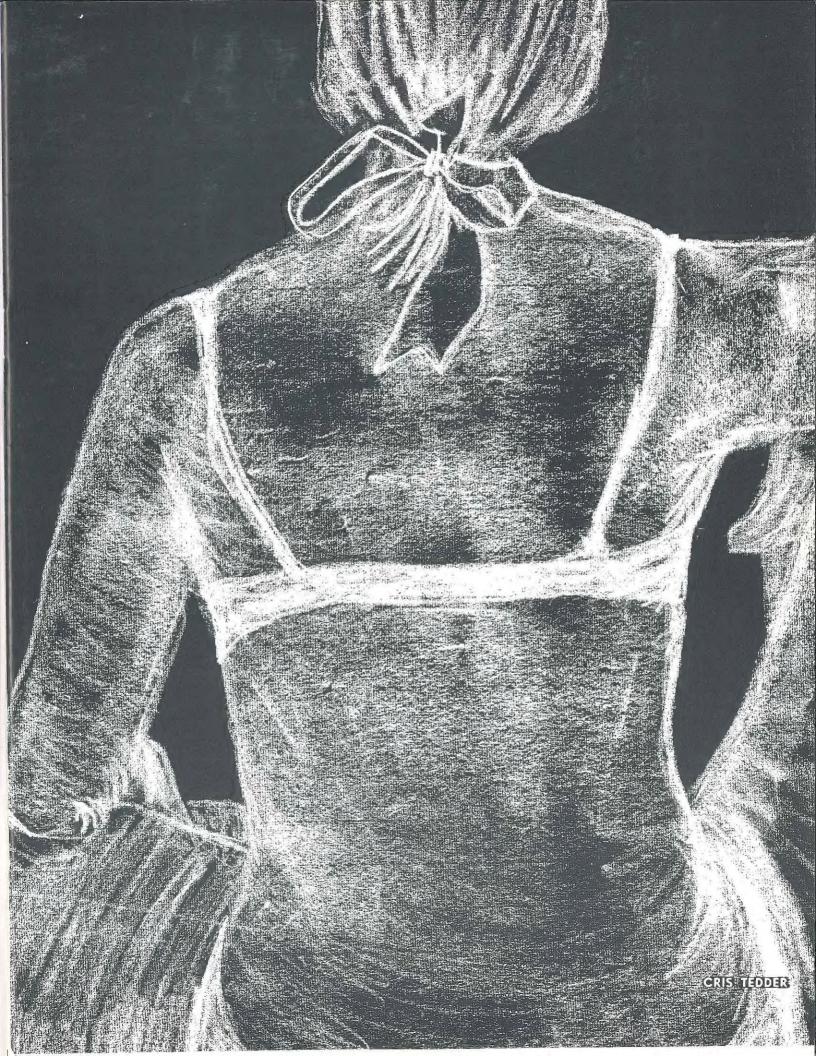
He, the surfer, has a girl
who reminds me of me.
I just hope she never sits alone
while he fights a war.

Kathy Lesko

# POEM TO A YOUNG GIRL

Hand-in-hand we walked alone That clear bright summer's day Just she and I in nature's realm Along the trail that led the way. Such beauty that I'd never seen As she and I walked on Such beauty that I long for now When all but thoughts are gone. Her hair was simply short and brown With a little bit of wave One day she even cut some off To give to me to save. Eyes like hers I've never seen They offered pure delight I looked into them many times In daytime and at night. Her most outstanding asset Was, of course, her precious smile Which I'm sure would never half be matched If I searched a million miles. A smile so warm and tender Such pleasure it gave to me That I always tried to make her happy So that smile I could see. Her facial features were, of course, What first met my eye And when she whispered words of love I felt wonderful inside. None other have I ever seen To half compare with her That summer's day I love that girl Of that fact I am sure. The love I had for her that day Has only since increased And now I sit alone and watch The sun rising in the East. The sun will rise, the wind will blow And with them I must go That girl is now another's wife Why, I'll never know. The pleasures that I got from her I never will forget The time and love I gave to her I never will regret. I know now that I've loved and lost And it hurts me so to see That little girl I loved so much Was only using me. I wanted so much to make her mine And now I know I've failed And now the happiness turns to pain As I walk that summer trail.

D. P. Brown



# THE BOLD, THE SIMPLE, AND THE SENSITIVE

When does happiness start? When does it stop? Is it like love? Do you suddenly find happiness some day? I ask myself these questions now—

these questions that I have no answers for.

One man said that people never fall in love. They were always meant for each other and destiny helped them find each other. It wasn't necessary for Monique and me to fall in love. It just was. We met each other at a party and three days later were married. Love didn't suddenly bud like a flower does. I like to think that it was always there and meant to be.

I had been teaching for three years and had saved money for my future. Money to build a dream house, and to bring up my children in the desired

style. Money only to implement my/our happiness. Money?

Two years after our marriage, Monique announced to our parents that we were going to travel abroad for a few years. She always made a point of never asking permission or approval, she merely announced her plans. Our parents were horrified. We had money to start a good life in the "proper" style. Instead, we were going to throw away our money all over Europe.

Brittany. I'll never forget Brittany. Monique said that that strip of French soil was smarter than most men. She said that it held the secret of eternal love. The land was simple, bold, and sensitive. If a man used these

three cue words, he would win any woman.

It was in this wonderful land that she told me. We were to have a child—a boy to be sure. We left for the states to settle down after three

years of rambling happiness.

It wasn't an easy pregnancy. Slowly, Monique's beautiful, dark, sparkling eyes dissipated into a large grey void. Her slender figure began to bloat. The doctors became worried. Well into her fifth month, she began to abort the child. She was taken to the hospital. Two days later she went

in for exploratory surgery. Something was wrong.

I'll never forget one party that we went to. She was always the center of attention. She stood in the middle of the room like royalty to be served. She dismissed people with a simple gesture of the hand or a raise of the eyebrow. Monique. With a slight gleam of an eye or a silent laugh, one knew that he was loved. People did love Monique, yet, they feared her at the same time. Destiny had chosen me to receive true, undying love from

the empress incarnate.

Someday, I shall travel back to that land that possessed the secret of love. To be simple. Yes, I was simple with Monique. I didn't need to go through the superfluous avant-propos that most young lovers do. To be bold. I suppose that one is bold when one is sure. And I was. I always said what I meant and always did as I wanted. "Truth is beauty and beauty is truth." —Keats. To be sensitive. One must never forget that each moment is to be loved and cherished as they come. Each look and feeling, if appreciated and understood, merges together to make a life of happiness. Utopia.

"Yes, doctor. I understand. I know. I suppose that I always did.

Cancer? Thank-you, doctor."

Every person must pay a price for such happiness. Monique is paying hers. She can never walk in the long, warm grass of Brittany. She can

never answer the/a question with her eyes. She can never . . .

She said that she hated me. She told me to leave and never come back. Dear Monique. It's hard for me to watch you die, but it's harder for you to give up your life. I thought that I'd hear you say the things that you said tonight. You want to die? Oh God, I wish . . .

"Get out of my goddamn room you bastard. Don't you ever come back in here with your sweet words of life. You talk of undying love. You talk of how life is to be treasured up until the last moment. Well, my dear husband, take a look! Take a long look at what's left of my life!!"

I sit in the living room. I smoke. I think. I hear the sound of a pill bottle being opened. I hear someone swallowing pills. I hear someone



was a boy and a girl . . . the girl was going to leave the boy . . . the boy could not bear it . . . so the boy left before she did . . . she never did leave . . .

Boo

### LEONDA or HONOR IS SILENCE

Darkened room—Velvet floor—Spotlight casting shadows on her facehair, flowing downward, blending with bodily features. Voice, trembling, with guitar. The silver strings flash their opinion and silent faces watch intently looking some even learning.

The voice ceases, eyes d

And the air remains still,
For all sense

That honor is silence.

Sandra Ann Thomas

# ADOLESCENCE

life
why so painful
what make you hurt
i
should be happy
like the sea
your moods
are many and changing
i must beware
lest
you engulf me
dont get involved
it hurts
too much
but
like the ocean

an undertow pulls me in life dont hurt me i am so weak and you so strong

Elizabeth Alexander

### FOOL

I am old; and yet I feel it not. My aging is not of the soul . . . Time upon time I sit, and watch Clouds;

portending calm, or storm, or rain, As they drift restlessly, endlessly— As vagabonds in search of that unknown.

I delight in the plain sparrow

Much as in the painted bunting—and

From Nature's first array

From Nature's first array

Of scarlet, mauve and gold to the sun's final glimmer upon the turquoise sea-

I will be there, watching, marveling . . .

They speak of me when they think I cannot hear.
They say, "What had to be, is at last.
"Hour and hour she sits at her window,
Stares at emptiness, and smiles, and sits.
Her years make her so . . . It had to be."

(Yet how could I hear them, if my years made me so?)

I merely takes pleasure in that Which God created. I find beauty

In this weary world, this care-worn sphere

When they

see only hatred and sorrow about them. And so I sit, and watch, and smile.

I am old; yet I feel it not. My aging is not of the soul . . .

Are there other fools, years regardless, Who delight in the world, who sit and smile

At their bright windows of hope? Somewhere there must be,

For they are the luckiest fools of all.

Donna Armistead

### **EGO**

Well, let them take him and hang him; Yes, let them drag him down and beat him; Let them chain him and drown him in the sea; Nobody must know he's a better man than me.

HA, HA! slash him! slash him! Yes, go on bash him, yes bash him; Take him and thrash him until his blood runs free; But don't let anyone know he's a better man than me.

Ridicule him, make him into the cruelest joke; Put him, yes, put him into a heavy yoke; And make him a spectacle for all the world to see; Because nobody must know he's a better man than me; No, nobody must ever, ever know he's a better man than me.

Mike Moan

# THOUGHTS ABOUT THE K. K. K.

Hear Ye! Hear Ye!
We, the clan members
carry posters to and fro
to let you, the public, know
that we know whats right
and to ask you to join our fight.

I ask that you join me and fight for my kind of Liberty. We'll put the black men back where they should be. White men will be Free!

We'll serve food only to the White We'll boycot day and night We'll burn our crosses over field and plain until only our kind remain. We'll always call a spade a spade and cut off all types of foreign aid until all they owe us now is paid. We'll change things to fit our need; control the books our children read.

Mr. Klansman! Yes? Why don't you go to Russia? What, and be a Communist?

David Eunice

# VIEWS FROM HICKORY VALLEY a continued anthology of epitaphs

# Hickory Valley (beginning-infinity)

I was created eons ago. From molten rock and mud I was built up and gouged Down by huge blocks of ice. Soon trees and grass covered my nakedness And made me a shelter for men. Years have passed, men come and go. Their bodies carpet my earth. Good men have come and built me up, While years and weather tear me down. In the Union of States I am A part of Tennessee, small, insignificant Only to outsiders. For here lie my people Sheltered in my bosom, And here my spirit stays to welcome the future.

# Aggie Fulmann (1800-1859)

My ma didn't take much care of me And I guess I didn't watch my Darlene close enough. The whole town talked when she died Staring at me and Saying how I probably drove her to it. I loved her, useless as she was. No good for work with those pretty white hands, And glossy black hair. Too good she was. Her pa, well we weren't really married, Left us before she could walk. Then I had to take in sewing and scrub floors. She grew up rather fast Taking after every man in town, but wanting only one. I seen her looking at him Brown eyes begging to be taken and loved. I guess he didn't want her And she didn't want to live without him. It's my fault, I couldn't talk to her. It just ain't natural for a ma to outlive her kid.

# Peg Wilkes (1811-1875)

My life seems a closed book
Which no mortal man has opened.
When love called I answered not
And hid behind a sour face.
The sour face remained long after
love died.
I stayed hidden in my house
And people avoided my acid tongue,
Leaving me alone in my bitterness.
Alone I passed on, learning one lesson.
"It takes life to love life"
But it also takes love to start life.



# Millie Hutchins (1790-1850)

I always loved Ross
And the day he proposed was my happiest.
All through the spring, before the wedding,
We courted, meeting in the cherry grove,
Talking of the future and our love.
Our wedding was the biggest in the valley
Everyone came for miles, bringing food and gifts
For our new house in the village.
The children came in their due time,
Six boys and three girls, handsome as a
spring day.

The boys grew strong and tall
While the girls had the bluest eyes and
slimmest waists in the valley.
Too soon they married and moved away
Living lives of their own.
Ross and I were together then
And everyday was a happy dream with me
by his side.
A sudden pain robbed me of his presence

A sudden pain robbed me of his presence But I know our love lives on. Joshua Riley (1801-1856)

I was the village blacksmith And I viewed Hickory Valley From sunup to down for forty years. I saw Hetty's John struck down By a runaway horse, mad with fear. And I saw little Abby Gibbons Take her first steps to her ma. I've seen life and death Walk these dusty streets, pausing And grasping for its victims. My time to join my folks Finally came; while shoeing a horse My heart stopped. But, before I died, I heard the wail Of a new born child and realized, Life follows in the footsteps of Death.

DANA FERGUSON



# **QUIET**

Amid the noise of existence A bubble exuded from the pores of the people As sweat from strain. It grew as it absorbed the roar And the racket of the reckless And the sounds of the simple And the serious. Quiet ruled over chaos and mans Motion without movement Rush without reason Sight without vision Life without living And all was quiet. And all was quiet. Oh loveliest goddess on Earth, Unknown are your powers To those who talk in fear of you. Take them and crush them With your oppresive weight. Bury them deep In the ashes of ignorance And stand on their graves To hold them down. Purge their minds of noise As they lie face down In the cinders of their insincereity, And watch them eat their ashes. Then observe. They will rise up with the clarity You have given them, And ascend above you And rule by your word. You are the resurrector and the redeemer. When you speak All will listen.

Thomas Sykes

# IN THE AIR THERE'S A FEELING OF CHRISTMAS

As had become a ritual, Frances Morton drank her second cup of coffee as she finished the morning newspaper. Putting her few breakfast dishes in the big empty dishwasher, she folded the newspaper and put it into the trash can before leaving the kitchen. After all, there was no one else to

read it. She went to her desk, as she usually did each morning. She tried to plan the day's activities, to recheck her gift list, to organize her thoughts. Gone was the clutter that once plagued her. Glancing around she thought, "There were always stacks of unfinished business that demanded my attention. Checks to be written, grocery lists to be made, letters to be answered, all required my time. Now, all these little chores stay up-to-date and the desk stays orderly. I used to wish that my life were orderly, too, but I didn't really know what I was wishing for.

Frances had sent Christmas cards this year as always, but it had been a very trying task. There were those to whom she had not written since cards had gone out last year in early December. Some hadn't heard about Gary.

She owed it to them to add a note.

As her mind wandered so did her eyes until they fell on the page-a-day calendar. Unconsciously she reached to turn the page, and as she did the dread of Christmas engulfed her. This same dread swept over her often in the past three weeks but each time she recovered by shaming herself for

self-pity.

"How fortunate I am," she reminded herself as she tried to count the ways. But she couldn't even remember to ask herself, "Didn't you have your son for nineteen years?" But today is the day she feared most of all. "Today is December 24th. It isn't the day before Christmas to me. It is the day Gary has been dead one year. There, I've said it." Her heart cried out so loudly that she thought her ear drums would break from the inside. Before her hand could reach a tissue, her eyes filled with tears that rolled down her cheeks.

Wiping away the tears she had so successfully held back for several months, she tried to turn her reflections to happier times. Because his father had been dead for so many years, Gary and his mother had a closeness nor often felt between son and mother. Though it was not a topic of conversation, nor did they allude to it, both had an awareness that their family ties consisted only of each other. Between them existed an unspoken appreciation which prevented each from intruding upon the other's privacy, but at the same time caused them to know the deep satisfaction of loving and being loved without possessing and being possessed. Toward his mother, Gary's demeanor was that of thoughtfulness and subtle concern.

Frances remembered how dependable Gary was. This had also been a trait that she had admired in his father. Wisely she had been cautious not to allow herself the luxury of dependence upon Gary nor to give him responsibilities until he was mature enough to bear them. "Punctuality," she reflected. "Punctuality was instilled in him early. No, it wasn't instilled in him. It was a characteristic he liked in others so he assumed it for himself." Life for Frances had been free from the worry of wondering when to expect Gary home. She always knew that he would be back close to the hour he predicted. Perhaps that partially accounted for the pain in remem-

bering.

Part of every Christmas Eve for as long as Gary could remember was spent with Uncle Frank, his mother's brother. At first, after Gary's father died, Uncle Frank would make a point of being on hand Christmas Eve. This continued after he married Aunt Claudia. Later when they had small children, it was more fun to go where the children were. Gary had planned to take his mother to Uncle Frank's house. Then, later, he and Page, his steady, would go to the Christmas Ball. But first, he told his mother, one more surprise had to be brought home. He would only be gone twenty minutes. He would pick up Page while he was out so the children could see her looking like a real live princess in her ball gown. But he was not back in twenty minutes nor in thirty. Frances wondered about the delay but knew traffic would be heavy tonight. Nearly an hour passed. "Gary is so punctual. What could have caused the delay?" she thought as she walked to the window. "It is getting quite late. We want to see the children before they go to bed."

Across the chair lay Frances' coat. Gloves, scarf and purse lay on the table beside it so that she would be ready the moment he walked in. At the sound of the closing car door she reached for her coat. Then, the sound of the second door closing made her think that Page was coming in too, so she put the coat on the chair again and started toward the door. But to her

surprise the doorbell rang.

One look at the policeman and at her brother's face told the terrible, unacceptable truth. But the words didn't come through very clearly—out in the country—you know Mr. Farley, who raises poodles—around the curve—on ice—the other car—no survivors—not even the pup with the little red bow on the top of the head. "What a strange thing for me to remember," she thought. "That was the surprise. Gary knew I wanted a poodle."

Vague are the next few days, blurred like pictures out of focus, fuzzy like a radio on a weak station. Through it all flowed a feeling of people helping. Frank stayed close by assisting in the difficult decisions and making necessary arrangements. Claudia had gone immediately to tell Page, then did her best to make Christmas a happy time for their small children and to explain their Daddy's absence.

Carol McDanial, who lives next door, very thoughtfully came in during the funeral and took down the Christmas tree. All the decorations were

carefully packed for storage.

The women from Frances' church group, knowing that there would be many friends from out of town, prepared a substantial meal which they

brought and served. They stayed to clean the kitchen.

Among all the words of comfort Frances heard, these were repeated again and again, "You must stay busy. Don't drop your present activities. Don't be alone too much." Faithfully she had followed this advice and anyone could tell you, "Frances has made a fine adjustment." "Yes, I have," she said to herself. "Haven't I remained active in the hospital auxiliary? Haven't I taken additional responsibilities in the women's group at church? Haven't I taken my turn visiting the children's home? Haven't I even decorated a Christmas tree at home? But, oh God, how shall I live through the next two days?"

This thought brought her back to today and what she must do with it. She would, of course, go to Frank and Claudia's before the children go to bed. They would want to rattle and poke at the packages and put them under the tree. But that would be shortly after dinner. She would go over again in the morning so that they could show her all that Santa had brought.

She must stop by the shopping center today whenever she is nearby.

The ringing of the telephone by her elbow startled her. "Who would be calling so early?" She heard the familiar voice of Sue Bailey excitedly saying, "Frances, you must help me. Mrs. James has just called me from the children's home. They have a new child, a little girl, six years old. She lost her parents in an accident and has been turned over to them temporarily until they can find out whether she has any relatives. You know," she rushed on, "we have nothing under the tree for her. I have all the information right here. Oh, Frances, please say you'll help me shop for her."

Frances didn't see this as an answer to her need to fill her day but only knew that someone had to do it. She could spare the time. Of course, she

would go along. She would be ready at ten.

Dashing from store to store selecting a few gifts for an unhappy six year old, hearing carols wherever they went and watching Sue's excitement gave Frances an exhilaration she had not experienced even when she shopped for Frank and Claudia's children. Her heart began to go out to this little girl whom she had not yet seen.

Delightfully exhausted Sue and Frances stopped for lunch in the quiet, carpeted Garden Terraceroom. They sat in a corner booth where no one could see them slip their aching feet out of their shoes. They had finished except for wrapping, which they could buy on the way out of the store.

At home, Frances spread the packages out on the dining room table and set out to make them look like something that might bring smiles to the lips and a twinkle to the eyes of a sad little girl. As she wrapped and tied she found herself almost happy and even heard herself sing, "In the air there's a feeling of Christmas. Children laughing . . . " Then she wondered, "Will the little girl who gets this doll really laugh?" Momentarily the pain of her own sadness returned. But it soon passed as she replaced the doll in its box and began to wrap it.

Since she had more time today than Sue, Frances agreed to deliver the packages. Mrs. James invited her to come in to join the children who had gathered in the dining hall to have their Christmas program and to sing carols. "Yes, thank you. I have time," she heard herself saying again. That

phrase came out involuntarily so often.

The children who watched were the same sea of faces Frances saw each time she visited the home. She knew a few names and other children looked familiar but she had not become acquainted with any of them. An

invisible wall of reserve would not allow her to love them.

Frances slipped into a chair on the back row and watched the Wise Men in bathrobes and towel turbans bearing gifts to the Babe in the Manger. Mary watched over the baby doll while Joseph kept waving signals and supplying words in stage whispers to the Wise Men who had forgotten their lines.

Everyone snickered, everyone, that is, except the tiny girl in the big chair close to Frances. The tiny girl simply leaned back in her big chair and looked at nothing. She was too small to see over the boy in front of

her, but she didn't care.

Before she knew what she was doing, Frances reached over and lifted the tiny one onto her lap so that she could see the stage. As they watched together, Frances began to whisper softly into her ear the story about the baby Jesus, his mother and his star. As time went by Frances began to enjoy the program but most of all she saw the tiny one relaxing and enjoying the program, too. Frances learned that her name was Christina, Tina for short, and she had just come here today.

As the program closed Tina turned her wide brown eyes up to Frances' and gave her a long, lingering look that melted the last vestige of reserve.

Frances responded with a hug and they both smiled.

The carolers sang, "In the air there's a feeling of Christmas."

# HIGHWAY #301: APRIL 13, 1968

We just couldn't pass it up.
There, to our left!
Off the road a bit,
A strange little art studio,
with pottery and sculptures
sitting in rows.
A "For Sale" sign sat in the middle of them,
upside down.
All was deserted,
except for the suffering body
Of Christ, plastered and molded,
right onto the side of the wall,
amidst various hideous nudes that had been created,
by some "promising" artist.
\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

We were alone, until A small black creature wobbled on epileptic legs in front of our path. Seeing us, it staggered as fast as it could, seeking refuge in a large crack in the wall, Where we could hardly reach it, Panting, gasping, its eyes blinked in time with pain.

Alcohol: fresh/sickening, greeted us. Smiling, the healer came closer. "Is this the Animal?"

He took the creature's front leg and held it, as if to shake hands,
He pressed the purple liquid into each fore-leg, and the belly,
and its screams were muffled by the attendent's hand.
\*\*\*\*\*\*

It cost 3 dollars.
We each chipped in a buck.
\*\*\*\*\*\*

A dark body lay limp, on the shiny metal table.

Again Highway #301 felt our weight, And farm houses watched our progress, through monotonous landscape. All I could see were dead trees, and farm ponds, upon which Jesus had walked.

Sandra Ann Thomas



# REQUIEM

He was on the seven o'clock news
Last month,
On a Thursday.
They said he was a hero.
He had killed thirty-one of the enemy
single-handed.
But,
I knew him a long time ago,
before he was wearing khaki.
He was on the High School football team.
He was a hero then, too.
But
They tried to teach him how to hate.
But he was always above them
and did his best not to.

He was on the news again ten days ago. He had a promotion— The-President-Of-The-United-States-Himself was awarding him The-Highest-Honor-Bestowed-Upon-A-Soldier. right there, in front of all those cameras. He tore the medal from his chest and ground it into the dust with his foot and screamed, "I don't want to kill anymore!" And the President, seeing his own awkward position, called some guards to take him away . . . And the President apologized and raved on about how proud we all should be. His family and all his friends should feel honored and lucky. He was a National Hero! Then, They re-assigned him back to active duty.

He was also on a telegram and a letter that we received this morning from the War Department and the President. And the President apologized, and raved on about how proud we all should be . . .

Russell Whatmore

# IT IS A MOST CRUEL PARADOX

It is a most cruel paradox
The way we humans read our clocks.
The spring is wound as our mothers sing;
The alarm is set to someday ring.
Seventy years plus we are told to expect
And seventy plus we had better collect.
Which is why

When death is laughed at, when death seems far With it we will lightly spar. In youth we have the most to lose And so you'd think that we would choose To move with caution, to hedge our bets, To remember tomorrow yesterday's debts.

But we don't

Wally used to spend his summers jumping from the bridge into the river's warm waters. He knew of the rocks—and where they were. A hundred times he knew and only once was he wrong.

And the clock keeps ticking, the hands sweep 'round As to them our stare is more frequently bound. Our allotment is shrinking as our equity grows But the spring-brook of our passion no longer flows As we now pause before each step to carefully measure Just what it can add to our nova-cained pleasure.

And the time

It had been twenty-five years since The day—and night—of their vows. Out they went, in memory. The dinner Was comfortable, the dance awkward and Forever. They were home by eleven and asleep by ten after.

Continues along its oblivious path
Until we're reduced to an impotent wrath
As the small hand crawls closer to the dark one so still
And we try to postpone it with one more pill.
Our movements now mirror the turtle's in fear;
Our bodies so dry we cannot drip a tear.
But still

On Sunday evenings, after he was alone, He'd visit across the highway. If Traffic was heavy the going was slow, "Did I not see, might Pve misjudged, Could I stumble?", but he always made it.

We struggle—we grasp—we clutch Failing to see that we don't lose so much When the spring is unwound and the small hand covers The one that was set by the song of our mothers.

Ed Baudway



ANN MARUSZAK

# **DUSK**

Quiet
peace like a blanker enfolds the world
a solitary bird
trills his adieu to the setting sun
as it lines the silver clouds with gold
trees
blackly silhouetted against the crimson sky
sway their lacy branches in the cool zephyr breeze
and night settles again on a weary world

Elizabeth Alexander

# "BEYOND THE RED SEA"

Blown apart by the winds of Time, It's people are scattered to the ends of the world. Swirling armies carry the people to slavery and oblivion, as a proud land finds it's promise broken. Long years follow, of misery And death; and nothing remains save a memory kept alive by pride. Then, through the gates of a hell called war, a clarion summons goes out to the forgotten race; and a land lost for centuries is finally reclaimed. The people have a home once again, and Israel raises her proud head among the nations of the world.

Mark Roberts

A CHARLES AND THE THE PARTY OF THE PARTY OF

# DAWN

silence
peaceful quiet giving rest to the weary world
mist flows oer the ground
coating each shrub and blade of grass with
diamonds
a spider diligently toiling
sees his humble web turned into
a jeweled palace
a thrush
just waking warbles his greeting to the morn
as the sun peeps oer the horizon
sending a golden ray to light the earth
revealing
gods glorious world in all its splendor

Elizabeth Alexander

### THE MARSH

The marsh stretched on for endless miles, and the finish was never in sight.

He walked on, sinking in the golden slime, but knowing that the road couldn't be far.

Ploding onward in endless circles, untill eternity itself became his only companion.

The mist that drifted lazily over the ground became the soft shoes for his tired feet.

Now and then, a lone gray bird would fly past, uttering no sound to disturb his stagnant Hades. He was a man grown tired with life,

And the marsh stretched on for endless miles.

Mark Roberts



M. ROSELIUS

# THE DRY-SPLASH

The dry-splash of his stone hitting sand surprised him.
Looking around, seeing no one, he scales the lifeguard stand.
On top, he stands tall and proud for age five.
Invisible bullets tear through the serenity of rolling waves and sea gull screams to bury themselves in his chest.
He falls (almost jumping) to the sand in a heap of little boy.

Standing up, he brushes the sand from his face and jogs easily to the water's edge. Splashing water on his black legs and chest, he bathes the wound society has inflicted.

Russell Whatmore

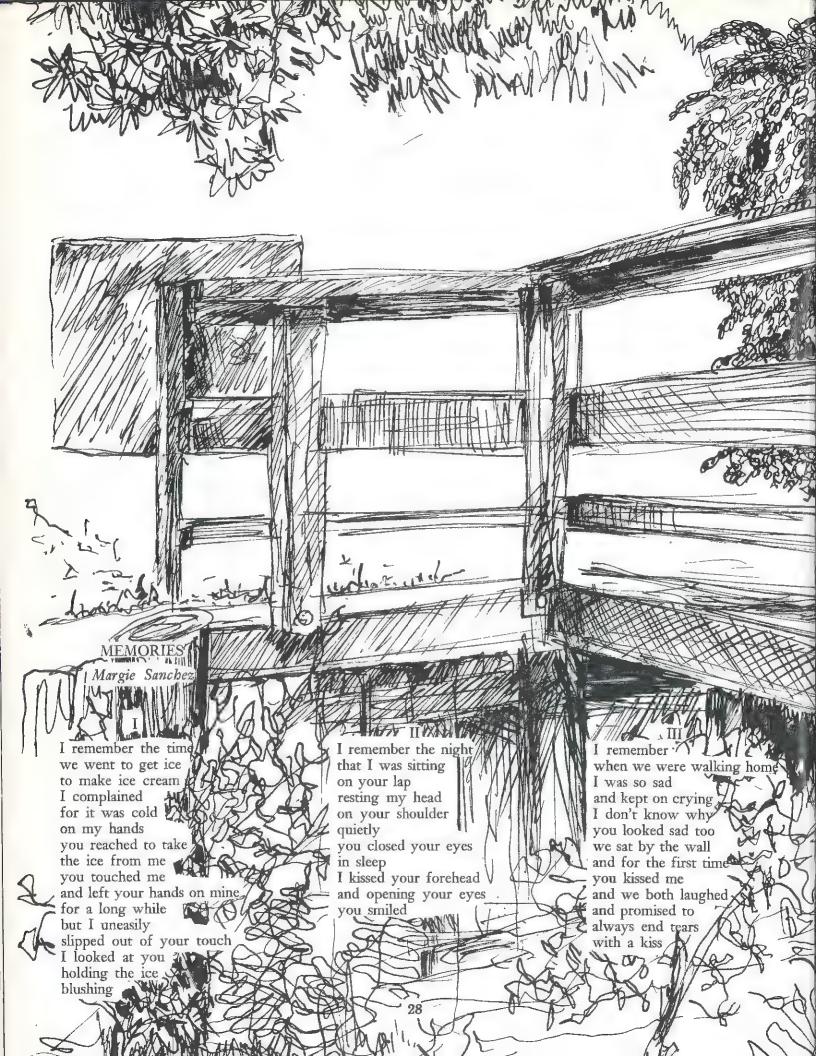
### RESTFUL

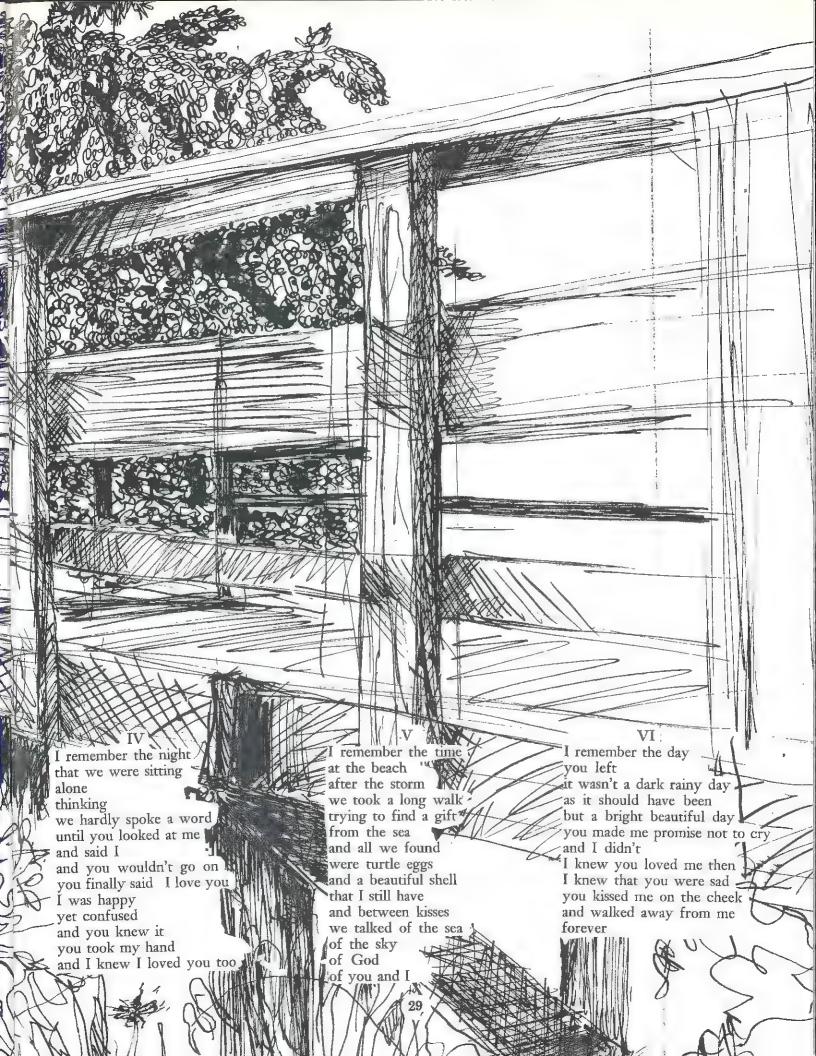
restful to kiss is joanna and her tranquil hair. yes, i know how woodnymphs fall down with footflicks, thrown thighs onto ferms and how their breasts can make amazing moving, hung under flurries of their flailing arms. but peaceful to kiss are these lips of joanna and her tranquil hair. Alexander Le Gault

## UNCERTAINTY

Uncertainty, that web
In which we are caught
Trying to make conclusions,
But being careful how we tread
So as not to break
That supporting confusing thread

Rebecca Ann Muzzleworth





# A BOY TOLD YOU HE LOVED

A boy told you he loved and you felt it was unreal

Away you went to start a life in red Georgia clay

Quoted again those same three words and the sun rose that night

Together you swam in sweet mystery Deep in the heavens hair

But he was wrong or mistaken perhaps Love fell to simple care

"Grew up" you say standing there with pale lips and deep set eyes

I didn't want to cry
I wanted to die . . . never to taste
Horrible life's air

Out of the night all the stars fell Your very soul dragged across hell

Your face before me etched in marble making Portraits of Victorian Queens seem to scream in Hysteria

You know all about life so clammy and cold its secerts you learned before you grew old

You know nothing at all my living dead dear Of life's empty halls you know not a snear.

you've seen a tiny link in its endless chain and no two links are ever the same

"Don't speak in those tones of life" I said You never know life until you're Dead.

Dennis De Freitas

### THE GRASS

The grass is still toast tinted from summer. Slightly burned, broken stalks and jagged tops of trees, a pattern broken by a breeze, and sky, the blue of old, well washed denims are my boundaries.

Noise felt, not heard; a single sound is nature's word. The air surrounds me, a delicate mold, a spider web buffer. calm sustaining calm peace sustaining peace simpleness, tranquillity that makes me sleep. I dream of you and others.

Things long forgotten, relics in attics, old bones from past ages, examined again.

A long lost hideaway found in fern covered paths, dug up from ancient burying grounds from under the Grass.

David Albee

### SAGE DAY

Today is a sage's day, a savage day. Sitting in its chair, slouched over eating an apple, ready to move on to noon and after, ready to go outside and walk in the woods.

The sage sits and smokes, ponders a while, watches what the day is doing, gets up and spits; he has made his decision about the day Now he walks along the roads and his thoughts ramble on ahead, like a bird dog sniffing for birds. He catches the day doing something with the trees. With roaring, smacking colors he's seduced in to the woods and walks on paths until he's lost.

He has done his part, getting lost and not minding, following the day's whims, being the perfect individual, but faithful to passions.

He can smile (if, whenever) he wants; the day and he are friends.

They have been together and spoken to each other, played one on one, walked hand in hand, bumped shoulders.

Bruised apples pocketed and eaten alone, the noise shared with the air, relished, bitten with care, cherished, but used in practical ways, a househould appliance, a small love affair. And the day smiles and continues to dark, leaving the sage alone in his house (he returned from the park). It's going away his back to the West, never returning his eyes on the set, an ashen departure, crumbs on the rug and beer cans askew.

David Albee

# REALITY IS A HANG-UP

Reality is a hang-up, complicated with details and ideals that no man can understand or reach, or even consider reaching.

The detergent of truth is weak against the slick oil of bigotry.

I am young, yet I am old.
Yet I shirk age as a means of self-excuse, especially around older people.
How can they possibly understand why I want to forget what I haven't been taught yet?
Sometimes I even try to teach these things myself.

I refuse to accept fate and God and Hell and prejudice because that is really reality, and I can do without it.

A sinister cauldron, filled to it's hilt with excesses, forced into it through society's veins, and nurtured as society's fruits. Ever boiling, ever ready to explode, revealing the sanctity of truth to an unbelieving populace.

Tom Fleming

### SHE

The sun that agitates my days
has splashed into the dark and drowned;
The habit that is mans and mine
of making every daily hour into an imitation of the one before
has vanished
in the hourly newness of her.
(She lies before me now beautifully breathing,
and the wings of her breath
reach me, touch me, bring me down
where blonde hair odor lightens me and lifts me inward.
I am afloat upon her thighs, and her tonal magic
and the souls of her sighs
draw me, tug me in. Between her muscles and her blood
I flood and expand my soul.)

Alexander Le Gault

### EAST WING

Why do you lie awake

why?

You fear nothing

the wings of night fan dreams from your pillow and your face gleams as ebony in the flame

the smoke is in your eyes already Why do you lie awake?

your door is shut and the light

and the light mellowed by drawn curtain

Why do you wait as birds sing in the trees before sunrise?

the stars are hidden by nothing pressing your window now the rain in muted and the wind still

Nina Smith

### SWEET BITTER LOVE

Sweet, Sweet bitter love The taste still lingers Goes through my helpless fingers You slipped away. Sweet, sweet bitter love What joy you taught me What pain you brought me So sure to stay. My magic dreams Have lost their spell Where there was hope There's an empty shell. Oh, Sweet, sweet bitter love Why have you awakened And then forsaken A trusting heart Like mine?

V. McCoy

### U.S. PART I

The reaching, grasping, clawing hand stretches out to the full pocket of the millionaire. Turning on his shined shoes, he knocks the hand of the Puerto Rican away with his leathered umbrella.

Down the road, a boy on a 10 year old bicycle is crushed by the speeding Cadillac of the busy city councilman. He manages to hush it up.

One by one, our leaders are by graves enshrined, and I wonder why they ask why we're cynical.

### U.S. PART II

The people are educated. Sophisticated. They speak in witty and enlightened cliches. They despise and hate the Spics, Niggers, and the Krauts.

Yet, accuse them of prejudice, and they'll tell you that they give to the Salvation Army. Why, they love the Puerto Ricans, Negroes and Germans.

Aren't we all brothers?

I think, deep down, they're laughing.

Mark Roberts

# HIGH PRESSURE PAPPA

High pressure pappa Leave that kid alone Why don't you ease the tension And let him on his own. He always has to please you He constantly obeys He never has the freedom To do things his own way. He's made your life so happy And his is such a mess He will not always please you So why not put an end to this. For twenty years you've ruled his mind I think he's had enough Why can't you let him have his say Or do you always want a cream puff. You claim you want the best for him You only want to guide him So when a decision comes his way You're always there beside him. It's time for him to walk alone Upon this wicked land Then soon enough you'll find that he Has grown into a man.

D. P. Brown

## WHEN I BY LITTLE WAVELETS WALK

When I by rippled wavelets walk
With cold wind at my back
I think of then and what it was
And how it's all now lost
Along the sand with seaweed blown
I reached at hope far gone
Like grabbing mist afloating by
You know and yet you try.

Carl Green

### THOUGHTS BEFORE A TORNADO

Slats of an old house evoke memories of music playing sadly, rain falling grayly; That was yesterday.

When I'm 22 or so and things are going slowly, now will be the best time of my life, but maybe not.

So far it's good and things are like they should be, but a sleepy person don't rest her head on my shoulder and sometimes people don't care too much

And maybe I won't like myself later on; maybe I'll try to be different than me is to really be. Or maybe I'll have left my love back in a discarded adolescent snake skin and live with a cat and pretend I love him.

But today is okay, only sad; It's mean to me and I can't get out of it until tomorrow. Some responsibilities and some time, too little to waste, of course, but enough to worry about and little pieces of clay for me to play with

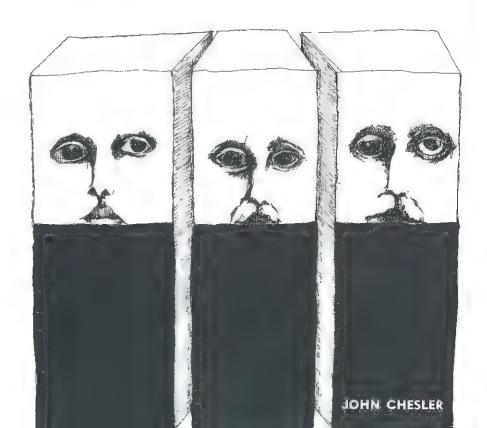
But I can't make anything out of a day like today. Maddening, saddening, clad in storm warnings and books like a girl with a body and no looks. Nobody is saying anything, so it won't get spoiled by any laughter. It just stays here boring me, a sleep without kisses, just hisses when tires and streets meet.

It's days like this that make people murder or rob and rape just to make sure the day hasn't died and left them standing there in no time.

It's days like this when nothing rhymes, when cakes don't mix right and your Freedom is left in the mouth of an old, baggy lady who tells you the magazines are for adults only and you mustn't peek.

I'll be glad when today is two weeks ago and I can get some sleep without thinking about tomorrow.

David Albee



### THE CHOICE

Sometimes when I am half awakened from a sleep, Torn from a death I'd like to keep, Lying there in a swirl of haze, rage and beckoning, I see my life a wrong direction not worth correcting. Sometimes I wonder, hardly knowing, From where these doubting thoughts are growing.

Could it be that in days now gone My choice of action was wrong, all wrong? That from one mistaken idea or notion I'm caused to wonder o'er land and ocean Seeking a feeling I desire so much Lost in a darkness moving only by touch.

When this groping existence burdens me, I look at others and when I see
That flickering light dying in their eyes,
The mournful regreting of their cries . . .
They lived their life the other way.
So when I see them as I did this day,

I take in my breath and raise my head.
I look far down the road; forget the dead.
I see the sky and the winging of a bird.
I move independently, not with the herd.
My mind is clear once again, my thoughts aren't deep.
But then sometimes when I am half awakened from a sleep . . .

Thomas Sykes

### GROUND SWELLS

The truth is something liars see more clearly than the saint. Those that strive for purity a clouded picture paint.

The cripple lacks normality; surely he would know existence, in reality, is earth beneath the snow.

David Albee

# PALM SPRINGS DEATH SPA OF ZAPPA JOINS THE AMERICAN LEGION CLUB

Potentially wonderful Selfdoubt thinks to the mournful ego-bigot "You know, you have created me hope to atoms that your self-destruction will destroy me and free the wonderful potential or is it.

I'm positive!— I mean I think I maybe might be right—though I maybe might be you! Excuse me for my swirling mind, but the ugliest part of my mind is my body.

You are entirely ugly in my brain—I'd laugh, but the tears would not be from laughter."

A particular entity is positive about its objectivity, thinks ("I'm where it's at, so love my perverted self-awareness"). But stop, dear ugly sir; Which train is moving!? Which is motionless!:—the trains don't care. Am I blind, or do I see a vacuum for your mind?

Nine to Five Businessman, salesman of insanity—a gloomy shade hung up in your mind, father of the great debater, unaware destroyer of Past and Future LISTEN Baby, We're the rich men, sure of nothing. We're positive it's uncertain and you're not where it's at LISTEN Blind eyes can hear, blind ears can see. You have two ways to die—deluded or confused CHOOSE THE LATTER Would you rather be the center of nothing or part of it all?

kick it around coss it in the air and see how it lands

big sale, big commission
I've worked hard all my life to build my business
Bye God, if I don't know anything else, I know my work
my business

iknow how toosell iknow how toosell

You know, I hope, that living is easy with eyes closed You know, I hope, that soon a baby must be born with its eyes open Man must dispose of the chessboard—the game is deadly sick make a sale, con a customer, wage a war—B U T R F M F M B F R

It's not whether you win or lose,

Consider the countless eons of creation, three billion years organic evolution, dawn of Man, consciousness, history. The Future appears every second—How many seconds in forever, dear sir? Don't you think it's getting near dawn? Sure the sun has always risen before, but the next time you just might miss it.

DID IT REALLY NEVER RISE!: OHMYGOD\*\*
I REALLY CAN'T TELL WHICH TRAIN IS MOVING!?

Don't let it be your end-aware or not.

Discorporation closing in on you

A Last Chance Truth

You stumble up a grassy knoll, look to the sky for a little help

But damned if you aren't sad

Not much to see when you're blind

you lost your vision climbing that hill

Seems you tripped over your ego one too many times. Doubtful there's much you can do (it's all you knew)

The High Church refused to look through Galileo's telescope and 100,000 died in Hiroshima—yet we still love you. The first amphibian spawned by an ancient fish Remember how it felt? You don't!? You won't.

WHO'S RIGHT WHO'S WEAK WHO'S WRONG WHO'S STRONG

subjective

objective

## RELATIVE

How does it feel to be one of the beautiful people?

# OPEN YOUR EYES, YOU'RE NOT REALLY THROUGH BABY YOU'RE A RICH MAN TOO

question: Just what does "Dead-End Evolution" mean?

answer: Nothing-it's a stupid question which I don't have time for.

I must be getting to the office.

answer: In a manner of speaking, this is the most important question any rational entity ever faces. I only wished I knew the answer.

GROK THE DIFFERENCE, MR. BIGOT, AND YOU WILL BEGIN TO UNDERSTAND WHICH TRAIN IS MOVING.

Larry Sipprell

### I WALKED THROUGH THE PARK

I walked through the park with orange leaves tumbling and someones dying newspaper following the paths of the wind, unknown yet where tomorrow may find it.

A tiny bird takes flight, flight towards summer, where crickets never stop their mournful sounds.

They mourn from sunset to the time that such a sun comes that the world may taste its overflow.

"If there is no guiding hand, then how did I find you?"
"How will I find you again? What have I found?"

That tiny birds unsmiling song comes back. It flows to my ears and takes away my sunshine, and brings me time again. It brings the time of falling leaves, and time to follow a fallen paper traveling nowhere, rushing, reaching to get there. This must be all there is with no news and no leaves, no sun, and no you.

Matthew Jones

# WIND AROUND MY CORNER ROOM

Wind around my corner room. full of white darkness a darkness full of silver streaks pulled upon by you, who would carry them away beyond the round sides of the world with my mind running after - a left-behind child: someday we shall follow you wearied of the world's shapes, forming yourself on, around them; someday you will carry us away beneath the world to shapelessness, to rest forever by neanderthals and nouns, only slightly shifted by the shudder of the stars and slightly to the shuttle of the sea.

Alexander Le Gault

## THE VOCIFEROUS FEW

These are they who stalk our land With grievances galore, Who seem to find on every hand The truths they loud deplore; "The mighty feats by men of old, The obstacles o'ercome, Are but some phantasies retold Of those whose race is run."

Hear then these vociferous few
And mark their line of chatter,
They think to scare the wits from you
By acting like "Mad Hatter".
But put them to the crucial test
Then watch their every action
Their bellyaching then would rest
And that would end this faction.

There's nothing strong, or brave, or true About this slimy portion
The time is NOW for us to do
A national abortion.
To lift the voice of truth in song
Demands our full attention
The very best is yet to be
For our beloved nation.

Dr. Sidney H. Davies

# FLY ON LITTLE BLUE JAY

Fly on little blue jay fly high and sing to me. Shallow the sky, and look away, to the land no one sees.

Sing little one, sing all you know, and cry if you must little blue jay, cry for those who listen not to you, or anyone.

We shall come blue jay.
We shall chase and love and breath and die,
listening as we go,
learning as we fly,
and flying until we die.

Matthew Jones

## THE LONELY GULL

I have often been down to the ocean When the wind blows untamed and free; Out of dismal gray skies the rain pours down On an angry yet beautiful sea.

One day, such as this, I stood watching When dark swells 'round the inlet's mouth Told men of the impending hurricane Which in time would blow up from the south.

Then suddenly, when I looked upward, A lone sea gull his flight did unfold— And, though battered about by the current, Still winged onward, undaunted and bold.

And I thought, I am that lone sea gull In spirit, although not in form, That rides fearlessly on the wild sea wind of Life In the face of the oncoming storm.

Donna Armistead

## GIRL WATCHING

Walking obliquely accross the thoroughfare dash-

crash-

and I was there.

Lying there,

dying there,

without a care.

The only thing I was concious of was

that damn beautiful girl

I was lying on.

He was looking at her

and didn't see me;

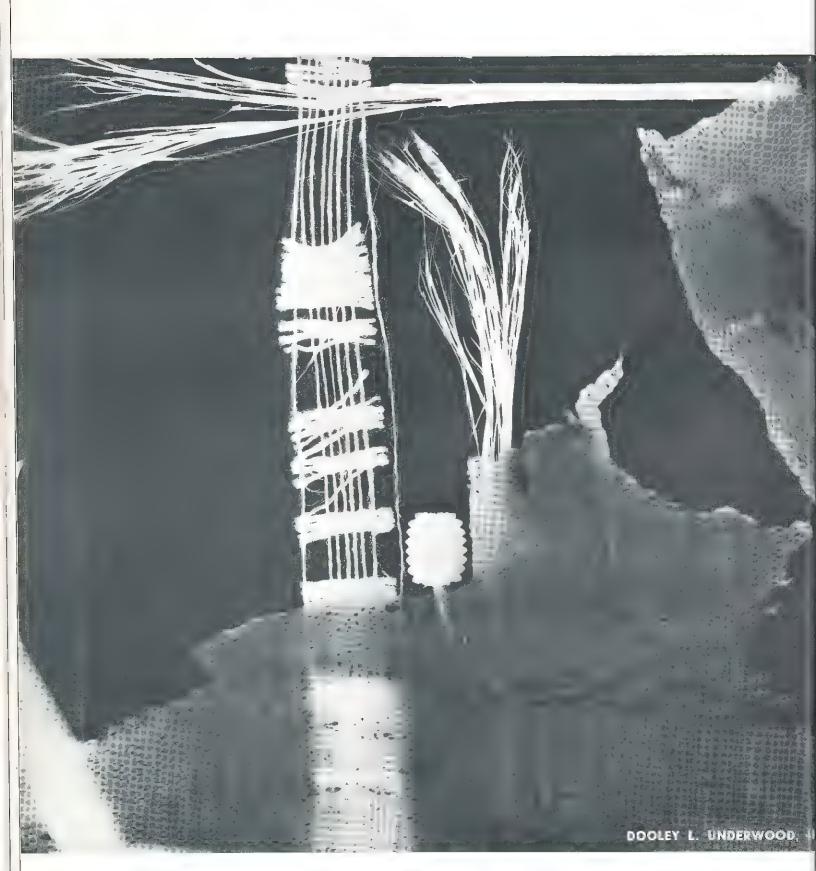
Now I was where he'd wanted to be. He of course,

was up a tree,

wanting to

trade places with me.

David Eunice



# WE'RE GOING TO JUPITER

Injections leave time behind.
delays, but holes quickly plugged,
people nicely drugged—
We're going away and we won't be back.
We're leaving behind a desolate track of dirt,
leaving the Farth forever.

I'm leaving my health in a plastic bag.

All the people will be dead when I return. I'll carefully burn their remains and send them down bottomless drains, replace them with electronic brains.

All that's new,
I will do it
to prove I knew it could be done,
to prove people aren't always right
and anything can be changed;
anything can be reversed with a little pain.
The platitudes I have heard will be gone.
I'll make my own world
and weave my own cloth of laws
with my own thoughts.

Electronic birds, giant electric words, screeching, yellow-orange thoughts Transportation and laughter, quick and high pitched

I love to lie with the hollow witch and grind and growl in a muddy ditch and watch the ram screw the ewes, (Little lamb, who made thee? Dost thou know who made thee?) mothers drop a stitch, and daughters kick and twitch; it's an ornamented itch. Gai bars, strong guitars, rancid rooms under stars, and atmosphere green with rich. Blocks of brick, soot and sot, like lousy coffee, black and hot, a summer's simmering city pot. Are you or are you not lost in parking lots and places of swarming, toothy human faces, where water runs out of pipes, down guttered streets to gleem in midnight street lights, where sewers are rat oasis no matter how many human faces smile their smiles and say ... oh ... something then drift away.

Jupiter will hold them all, hold them in a gaseous ball and burn them with her fiery wind, turn them into scattered cinders. It's only then that I'll be free from rules of Anglo-Saxony, from silent laws, antiquity, free from you and, yes, free from me.

David Albee

### I'LL MAKE IT SOMEHOW

Talking to my pillow I learned many things tonight The sun rises in the morn And makes the day seem bright. But when you're sad and lonely You miss half the fun And your life seems to be over Before it's begun. I wish I were younger And could do it again I know that my life Is now filled with sin. When you've got a problem Your friends run and hide Why can't they help you And stick close by your side. Old Love and Trust Will soon come to rest Because now crime and evil We seem to like best. Oh, girl I love you What else can I say You know the road girl lust show me the way. My head's reeling now I'll soon be out cold I only wish now I weren't quite so old. If I could turn back the time And take back the pain I'd probably still find a way To ruin my life once again. The morning has come now And I feel better now And she keeps telling me That I'll make it somehow.

D. P. Brown

# "JUST A JOB"

M'name's Arbius. I work here at the colosseum 6 days a week and get 2 weeks vacation every year. My job is to get the lions real mad, so that they'll put on a good show for the crowd.

It's not that I've got something against Christians, it's just that a man has to make a living. Besides, if I didn't do it, someone else would.

Excuse me, there's the signal. I've got to let another lion into the arena.

Pretty soon we're going to run out of Christians.

Mark Roberts

## TOO MANY TOMORROWS

I hear the noise of ambition Ringing, clinging in my ears.

And the ghosts of disappointment In the shadow of my fears.

And the mating of the two — Just another chance to die.

So I rush to seek the painless, mindless Balm of Ennui,

Stony

#### **AMBITION**

I fought my way up blindly from the chasm of despair,
Tossing ruthlessly aside all caution and all care.
I pushed and shoved and elbowed till the rising way was clear;
And those who dared to cross my path—I crushed them, taught them fear.

And now I've gained the pinnacle; my tasks are all complete:
I've power, friends, successes, wealth—the world lies at my feet.
But after struggling up the hill on a journey that's so slow,
What a shock for me to realize—now I've nowhere else to go.

Donna Armistead

# **APOTHEGM**

Love flies in at the window I believe that when Logic rushes out.

Donna Armistead

# LET ME

Let me see the looks In small hungry faces. Let me hear the insults between all the races.

Let me feel the roughness on the workers' hands. Let me taste the bitterness of the lonely man.

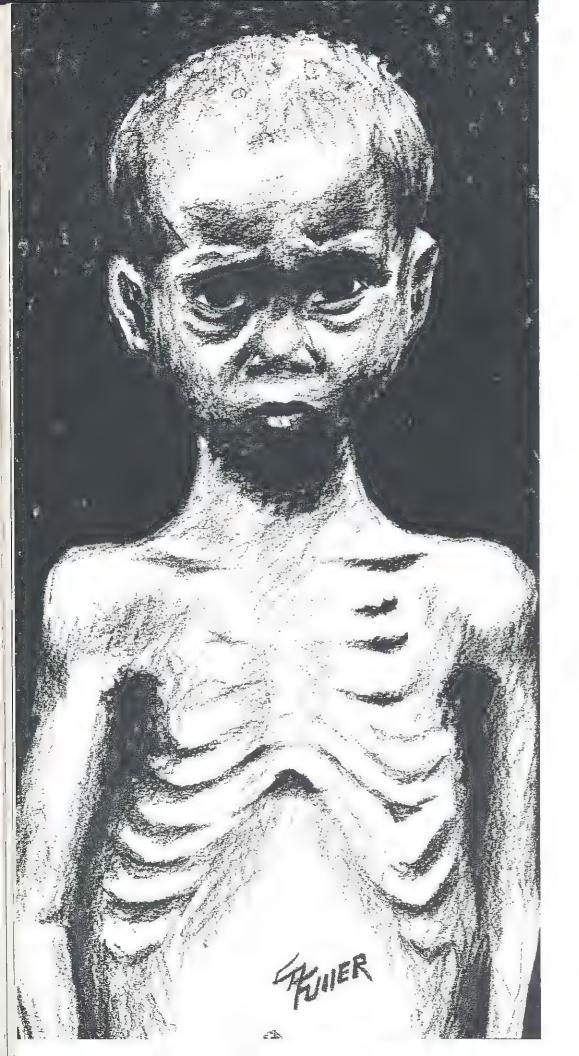
Let me hear the bullets that are fired deadly. Let me pity mankind because—who can save it?

Margie Sanchez

#### SUN

Sun my friend, shine your eyes on the thoughts of man. Bring them a smile and more than your light, if ever you can. It is not easy to show a man a stone when he's looking for a shell, and not easy to give a sunset, with the streetlights coming on. Stars, you are so hard to see when street lights and blinkers are there. The tiny moon over cities dock reflects only muggers gloom. Tomorrow, sun, burn the morning fog, so we may see the signs, and paths to lead to more cities life. Maybe lead me away from here. Far away where I may see you my lonely friend.

Matthew Jones



### WAR?

What is this thing called war?
That takes away your surfer with the golden tan?
But all must go, the rich and poor
to some far off land.
War is full of letters
mailed with an upside down stamp
and cookies and sweaters
sent to some far off camp.
Its full of battles and dying
in a village with an unprouncable name,
filled with little childern crying,
this is all part of the war game.
Yes war is bloodshed and lost years
but most of all its tears.

Kathy Lesko

# TIMELESS PRAYER

i woman cry unto the heavens why must things be so for all of life have given and asked nothing in return only now do i ask one thing such a little thing have given him all heart mind soul and body only let him return to me forbid him death return him return my soldier come home your love awaits with open arms

Elizabeth Alexander

## THE STATE OF AFFAIRS

Garbage-strewn alleys Lurked by scrawny cats Give off the putrid smell Of decaying lives.

Children, dirty and ragged, Play at games never knowing The terrible fate that awaits Their adulthood.

Parents sit idly and swear At the state of affairs And leave the coming citizens To grow wild.

Governments talk peace unceasingly Yet declare war for their Own gains. Not unusual! The State of Affairs.

Dana Fergusom

## POPULATION EXPLOSION

a gun
a shot
bang
youre dead
suicide
murder
no
cant be
it is

so what who cares

not us just one less mouth to feed

Elizabeth Alexander



te loved you efore the summer cooled and faded to sodden leaves.

When time had not become indifferent your visions in sleep were of almond blossoms,

their failing petals uniting the earth and sky

Forget-

and your eyes will be frozen in time, when frost and petals will cover the stones of your path

and you shall love the earth-

and the snow.

Your soul will be said again like crees enerused with the melting ice. reir hands upraised in silence. quiet

like the grass of inquinerable summers forever beneath snow and rimes.

## SHE'S HERE

I took my money and went to Spain. I spent it all there and came home again.

Where fingers rub guitar strings under stars and old men sing to fat little women who are washing their hair, pushing their ware, happy to live where the sun scalds the air.

Lizards run under foot, a child plays in the dust, ribs smile from a dog carcass, paws drawn up, dead from thirst.

She is the oldest, she is the worst. She is the one all the men love. She is the vulture, she is the dove. All the men love her, all that can love.

I want her madly, I want her soon. I'm going to take her under the moon.

I see her shadow climbing the tree. I whisper softly, "Make love to me."

I saw it clearly, I knew it well. I spent the night writhing in hell.

When I awoke, her body was gone. But her skin still haunts me, her love lives on.

Now nights are cold and I'm struck with fear. I hear calling, "Touch me, I'm near."

When I get some money, I'm going to Spain.
I'll spend all my money, and come home again.

David Albee

# PLEASE, DON'T TELL ME OF LIFE

Please, don't tell me of life. I am sure I know quite little of all to see, but who are you to say?

The lights inside me, like dying embers blink off day by day. It is growing darker but I cannot complain for these losing lights, I am only growing older. The places and people I have known are gone now. I cannot reach back to touch them. Who are you though, to ask me not to look back?

Please don't tell me of loneliness. I too have cried for people that have gone. Don't try and change my growing eyes for they have seen as much as yours.

You do not know for what I speak or who I really am You do not wish to hear my songs or what I say I am.

It's true you do not know me and that I understand, in trying to see the boy I'm not you may not see a man.

Look past my face and past the sun there's hiding gold you'll see open your dreams, pass all you've known, and there you may find me.

Go and catch the sunshine sliding through your hands Follow it to catch yourself Then you'll understand.

Giant waves and silver tones and words I cannot feel.
Truths I've known but can't believe or kisses that I'd steal.
Gone the flowers everywhere a painted face and sunburnt hair. The petals from a rosebud downed touching only lonely ground.
They glide away on gulfstreams and chide the growing moon Catching seabirds' air it seems; they've all but gone to soon.

Matthew Iones

### LIVE YOUR LIFE FOR ME

Despite the fact that Brad is a very unusual guy, he is very likable. He has very unusual moods, moods that I never really understood until one evening. My husband and I had dinner with Brad one night, and I believe that it was then that I realized exactly what kind of a person he was.

After dinner, we walked into the living room to talk and drink our

coffee. That was when I noticed a large ring on his finger.

"Oh, what a lovely ring you have," I said as I noticed how brightly it shined. It was a large ruby ring with two small diamonds around it. It looked very old as if it had been handed down from father to son for generations.

"Thank you, Debi. It was my father's and his father's before him."

I noticed that one of the small diamonds was missing and asked him if he had recently lost it. He looked at me rather strangely and remarked that it was a long story. He was so evasive that I persisted until he began his story . . .

"Some time ago," he began, "I went away to private school in California. It was at the beginning of my senior year and I was quite sorry to leave. My father saw that I was upset, so to make up for it, he gave me this ring.

"You didn't know me then, Debi, but I was a very hateful person and very much disliked. I was so busy making people like me that I spent little or no time with my studies. That is why my father thought that it would be better if I went to a private school. I suppose that he was right, but I didn't think so then.

"I made up my mind, however, that when I got to this new school that I would be different and try hard to graduate. On my first day, I met a guy named Jon. He was literally everything that I wanted to be: popular, good-looking, and well-liked. I envied him secretly, and, Heaven only

knows how, we became great friends.

"We were roommates and went everywhere and did everything together. I suddenly did better in my school work and became very optimistic about life and the world around me. Then something happened. He changed and so did I. You see, Jon and I talked over everything. He listened to my problems and I to his. Suddenly though, I ceased to really listen to his problems. I mean I went through the actions of listening, but I really didn't hear him. I felt no one really cared about me and that the whole world was against me. I then became aware that I was totally jealous of Jon. People liked him so much more than they liked me.

"One night, we talked until late into the night about his problems, problems that I now realize were very important to him. When we went to bed, I couldn't sleep. Oh how I wish that I had gone to sleep that night, but I didn't. After lying awake for what must have been hours, I got up with one thought on my mind-to kill myself. I walked over to the desk over which a mirror was hung. I stared into the mirror and saw the reflection of a failure, a fool, a person that would never go anywhere or do anything. I thought that the world would be such a better place without me; so, I picked up the letter opener that was on the desk, closed my eyes like a coward, and plunged the letter opener for my heart.

"Suddenly, someone grabbed me from behind. I was startled, but not enough to make me give up. I had but one thought in my mind-to end my torment. We struggled and then I made a final stab for my heart. I then realized that I had stabbed a heart, but not mine! Jon stood up straight

and erect and had a funny look on his face.

"Tears were coming from his eyes as he said: 'Oh my God Brad. Look what you have done to me. You've ended my life, the life that I treasured above all else except you... and now you have ended it. Promise me... promise me that you will live your life as I would have lived mine. Live your life for me.'"

"I looked down at his face that lay on the floor. It seemed to smile up at me. I looked at his eyes that had once seen the world with desire and curiosity. Then I noticed the lash on one of his eyes seemed to glitter as the morning sun came into the room. You see, I had lost the small diamond from my ring and it had fallen onto his lash. It seemed to symbolize to me that like a diamond, his memory, would live on forever."

At this point, Brad was crying. I felt so sorry that I realized that my eyes were clouded with tears also. The telephone rang and I answered it by impulse. The man on the phone wanted to speak to Brad. I told him that Brad couldn't come to the phone right now and that I could take a could take a message.

The man said: "Yes. Will you tell Brad that if he wants to buy the ring I gave him yesterday, that I will replace the rhinestone free of charge!"

Boo

# THE LOCKET

Today I found the locket I found it in the sand with my name and yours and love words in the back. How memories return to wet the eyes that were not yet dry. I gave you the locket when we said goodbye and today I found it in the sand

Margie Sanchez

# QUO VADIS, MAN?

Quo vadis, man? Where are you headed, homo sapiens? Are you going to a new world? And is that freedom and equality For all your brothers That stands beside you, guarding Mankind? Or, is it a specter whose face is shrouded by A mushroom cloud? Why do you look back, afraid? There is nothing to fear, only A man Who cries, "Father, forgive them For they know not what they do!" Surely you do not fear the judgment Of a ragged child With large eyes full of suffering. Why do you flee, Afraid? Quo Vadis, man?

Elizabeth Alexander

## THE SWING OF INDEPENDENCE

The sun rose to the crest of the hill, tottered there, drunk with the night's potion, steadied itself and slowly ambled into the sky.

A few hours later, I awoke and cursed myself for letting the dawn go unnoticed by my dream filled eyes.

And today I made sure and timed my awakening beautifully; today it rained. It rained all day, yes, even at dawn. Usually the rain stops at dawn; the train stops at the big city depot for a while then moves on to smaller towns.

But today she left them waiting there standing with their wives and attache, equally loved by some, glad to be going away.

Travelophiles, many of them, graying hairs and business affairs-ophiles hand in hand, train upon train, philes, philes, philes

Fileophiles left behind by the rain as it raced into day.

I like the rain at dawn; it goes so fast they can't get on my train.

David Albee

## DEAR ROSE

Cling to my skin dear rose let me feel your thorns let me smell the sweet, then die. Then give rebirth as love is born

Give to me and take, what you must and will, take my heart, my soul is yours.

There is no cure for my heart felt ill, So cling to my skin dear rose let me feel your thorns.

· David Eunice

# **PREDESTINATION**

up at five
grits 'n bacon cooking on the fire
that wind sure am cold
ain't easy to find work
not now
same ol' story ever-place
sorry bud
or
git outa here
we don't hire no niggers

Elizabeth Alexander

## TRAINS AND SONGS

Trains and Songs boggle consciousness, run over well worn tracks of matter and mind. somber bongs and gongs, raunchy clangs and bangs, cement dry clacks and smacks of rails and sticks, stones and Rock

Over streams and under screams trains and songs wander through scenery and psychy, catch hooks in memory. Flashes, snatches, patches; they make up the warm quilt of our pasts. They make us run up hills to relive lost childhood games. And when our breath is gone, we sit and listen to a song and stretch our thoughts to watch for trains.

David Albee

pust a spot on the globe too small for all those men why theres no room to fight not so havent you heard goliath was a dwarf

Elizabeth Alexander

# WAS IT LOVE, OR NOT

I loved when I was very young — not knowing if it was love or not?

I felt friendship when I was eighteen — was it love or not?

I slept with a girl when I thought it was love — was it love or not?

I sat beside him listening to him talk about nothing — was it love or not?

We walked down the aisle at graduation together — was it love or not?

She died yesterday and the sun still shines — was it love or not?

Boo

## ROSY GLASSES

I have been looking at you through rosy glasses watching every move you make.

I have worshipped you as Alice in Wonderland and followed you with unquestioning desire.

But now the glasses have turned gray.

Heroes all get killed and Alice never lived.

Like Humpty Dumpty you have fallen and broke.

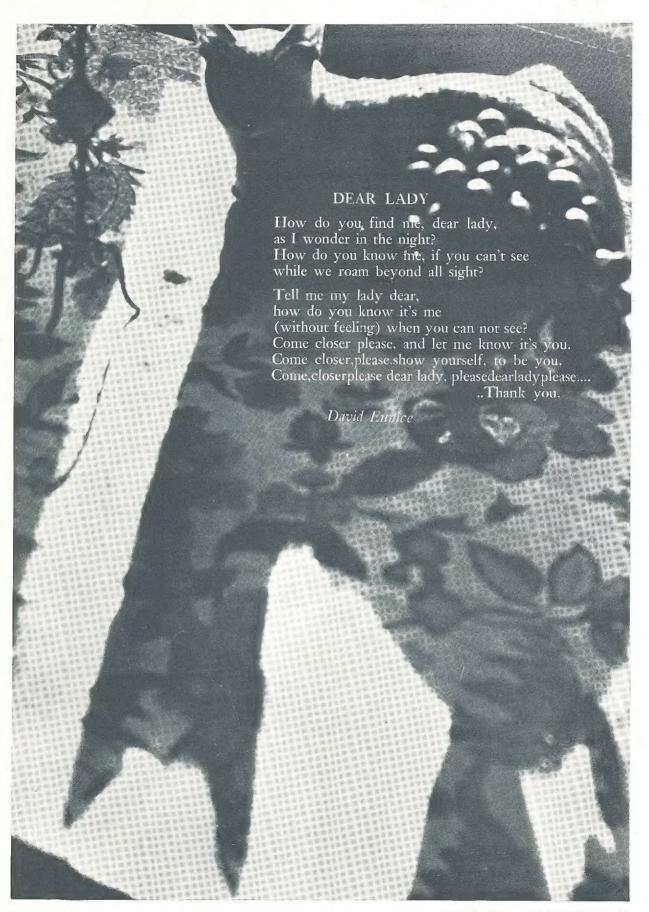
And all the Scotch Tape nor all the booze can ever put you back together again.

Kathy Lesko

## COMET!

Comet!-Oh, thou fiery sperm of space. what phallus spurted you, sized beyond size; where lies, I wonder (under Time?) the cervix of your pilgrimage, your passage in these skies? I find my vision tied about your brightness and, nebulously, fingers of my eyes can feel, placenta-like, the luminous tissue laid in infinity's belly with galaxie's white jelly streaked and smeared. And suddenly I see him—see!—so undulant upon the Universe that underneath my brain are breaking choruses of brotherhood for fellow embryos: Jupiters' apostles with their flaming heads, love-Lorded lamas of the lunar slopes, angels swimming in the flowing-glowing halo of St. Saturn, beatified to breathe its shining and to be its flight, And under dark suns flashing demons, darting, fleeing from their shadows made of light.

Alexander Le Gault



DOOLEY L. UNDERWOOD, III

